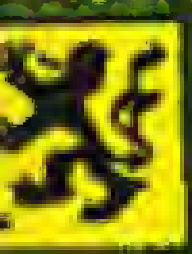


SEC. 14



TERRIFIC

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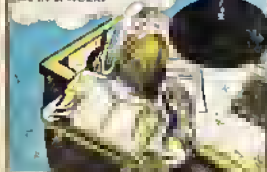
DEAD ON ARRIVAL

WELCOME TO MY CANDLE-LIGHTED DEN ONCE MORE, FRIENDS. FREDDIE DEMON, VICTOR VAMPIRE, GARRY GHUL, AND I, OF COURSE, YOUR TELLER OF TALES, ARE GATHERED HERE AGAIN TO MAYE YOUR SKIN CRAWL AND YOUR HAIR STAND ON END WITH OUR TERRIBLY HORRIFIC TALES OF TERROR. LET'S BEGIN WITH ONE OF MY OWN FAVORITES, WHICH I CALL... DEAD ON ARRIVAL.



OUR STORY BEGINS AS JOHN SANDERS, AN URBAN MYSTIC LIKE YOU OR YOUR NEIGHBOR, SITS WRITING IN A DUSTY ATTIC—WHILE THE POLICE COME AND OUTRAGED LOCALS...

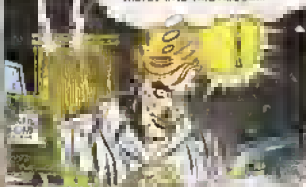
WALSH, YOU WHO READ THIS **MUST** BELIEVE WHAT I WRITE. TAKE HEED NOT ONLY YOUR LIVES, BUT YOUR VERY SOULS ARE IN DANGER!



HE'S A
MAD
ODS
MANIAC.
I TELL
YOU!

OPEN'D
IN THE
NAME
OF THE
LAW!

YOU SEE, WHEN I MET MY LATE WIFE, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THERE WAS ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT HER EXCEPT THAT SHE WAS EXTRA-ORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL. I NEVER SUSPECTED A THING UNTIL THE DAY WE WERE MARRIED AND MOVED INTO THIS HOUSE...



DON'T STAY SKINNY!

**Amazing New Easy Way Quickly
Puts Appealing Pounds and Inches on
Your SKINNY Body, Chest, Arms, Legs!**

**NOT A MEDICINE! NOT JUST VITAMINS!
BUT A BRAND NEW CONCENTRATED FOOD
WITH EASY TO DIGEST WONDER CALORIES**

You, too, can start putting weight on the first day with the POUNDS PLUS plan! Thousands now gain who never thought they could with this amazing discovery of medical science. You gain 2, 4, as much as 7 pounds in a week, until you reach the weight that most becomes you . . . so quickly, it's a cinch. Skinny figures gain pounds and inches of firm, attractive flesh on body, chest, arms, legs, thighs, ankles. Cheeks and neck fill out . . . wherever you need it.

POUNDS PLUS is entirely safe, no drugs, no fish oils . . . is not merely vitamins . . . Instead it's a delicious pleasant-tasting Tablet jam-packed with wonder calories . . . a secret new concentrated food formula that also aids digestion, starts putting weight on the very first day. POUNDS PLUS plan also stimulates the appetite, supplies quick pep and energy, the magic glow of health . . . for men, women, children, convalescents. Don't be skinny, underweight or peppy.. Mail the coupon today!

Easy Weight Gains of 7 Pounds in 7 Days Reported

FAMILY DOCTORS—

Your recommendation is welcome.

Write for professional samples.

**SEND NO MONEY
TEST AT OUR RISK**

—MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!—

Pounds Plus Company, Dept. 133 Box 620, New York 17, N. Y.

Send one Package of POUNDS PLUS, I'll pay \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee that if I am not satisfied with weight gained, I may return the empty package for a full refund. (Cash orders mailed postage prepaid.)

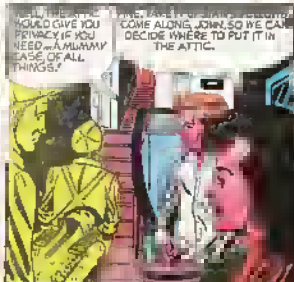
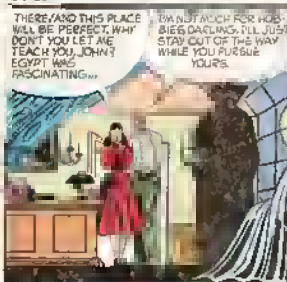
- ☐ Put X here if you want \$ for \$4.00.
- ☐ I enclose payment. You send charges.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postal charges.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

AND THEN I GOT MY FIRST SURPRISE...



AND SO...



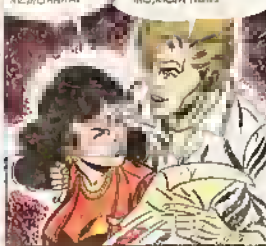
I TRIED TO GIVE MYRA PRIVACY TO DO HER STUDYING. BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED SHE SPENT MORE AND MORE TIME IN HER ATTIC ROOM. FINALLY, CURIOUS AND A BIT JEALOUS, I CLIMBED THE STAIRS ONE LAST TIME.



HAND AS I ENTERED THE ATTIC, MY FEELINGS TURNED TO DEFINITE FEAR! THERE WAS SOMETHING BESIDES MYRA THERE. SOMETHING VAGUE AND TERRIBLE.



DON'T, JOHN! GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME... OHHHH!



GIVE ME THAT AND STOP WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, RIGHT NOW!

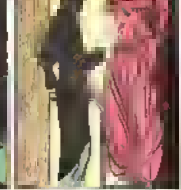
HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT ME! AND JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO BREAK THE BARRIER...HOW DARE YOU!?

I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT I GOT THE CRAZY FEELING THAT THERE WAS SOME...SOME EVIL THING IN THIS ROOM! I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU SO ANGRY...

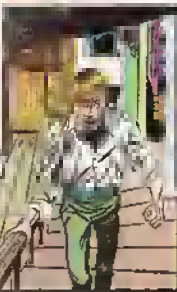
OH, JOHN, I'M SORRY TOO! I'M NOT ANGRY. I GUESS I JUST GOT SO INVOLVED IN MY STUDIES THAT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I WAS. FORGIVE ME?

ALWAYS, MY LOVE, BUT... I WISH YOU'D SAY WELL, SHALL WE SAY STICK TO THE SIMPLER ELEMENTS OF YOUR HOBBY? YOU FRIGHTENED ME, YOU KNOW.

ALRIGHT, DARLING. WHATEVER YOU SAY, I PROMISE.



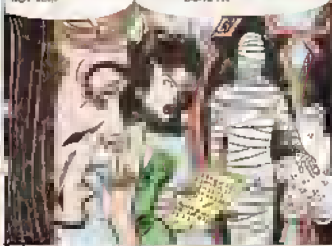
BUT I WAS TO LEARN THAT WHEN'S PROMISES AREN'T NOTHING! BEFORE A WEEK HAD PASSED, I HEARD THAT EEFIE WASN'T AGAIN! I RAN TO THE ALTAR.



AND THIS TIME!!

HEYA, YOU PROMISED NOT TO...

HUSH, HUSH! LOOK, JOHN... I'VE DONE IT!



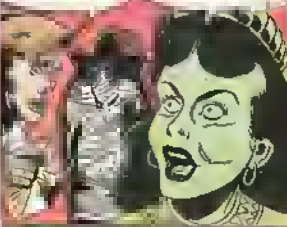
GODD LORD, IT MOVED! IT'S ALIVE!

RETURN, RETURN TO LIFE, OH PRINCE OF ANCIENT EGYPT! I HAVE READ THE BLACK WORDS OF THEE...



SO THE POWER IS IN THIS PARCHMENT, IS IT? THEN I'LL DESTROY IT!!

HA HA HA! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU FOOL? I'VE DONE IT





LOOK, THAT
THING WAS
CRUMBLED TO
DUST!

WHY EVEN THEN I KNOW THE SECRET
OF RAISING THE DEAD, BE THEY MEN
OR GODS... AND I AM READY TO
RAISE THE GREATEST OF ALL
EGYPT'S GODS, **ANUBIS!**

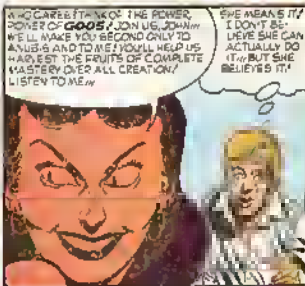


DEES THE UN-
HEADED GOD? YOU'RE
JOKING, MYRA! AND
EVEN IF YOU AREN'T...
WHY, ANUBIS WAS THE
MOST DREADED OF THEM
ALL!

SHALL I WAKE HIM FROM HIS
CENTURIES OF SLEEP AND
HE SHALL RULE THE
WORLD! AND I, PRIESTESS
AND DESCENDANT OF
PRIESTESSES, SHALL BE
HIS QUEEN!

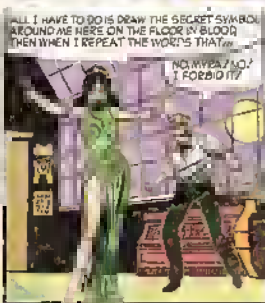


MYRA! MYRA!... IT WERE POSSIBLE
ANUBIS WOULD ENSLAVE THE WORLD IN A
NIGHTMARE OF HORROR!



WHO CARES! THINK OF THE POWER,
POWER OF **GODS!** JOIN US, JOAN! WE
WILL MAKE YOU SECOND ONLY TO
ANUBIS AND TO ME! YOU'LL HELP US
HARVEST THE FRUITS OF COMPLETE
MASTERY OVER ALL CREATION!
LISTEN TO ME!

SHE MEANS IT!
I DON'T BE-
LIEVE SHE CAN
ACTUALLY DO
IT... BUT SHE
BELIEVES IT!



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DRAW THE SECRET SYMBO-
L AROUND ME HERE ON THE FLOOR IN BLOOD.
THEN WHEN I REPEAT THE WORDS THAT...

NO, MYRA! NO!
I FORBID IT!



I'M ENDING ALL THIS
RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING
TO LOCK THIS ATTIC
DOOR AND NEVER
ALLOW YOU IN HERE
AGAIN!

ALLOW ME, ME, A
PRIESTESS OF
EGYPT! HA HA!
ALRIGHT THEN,
YOU SHALL BE A
SLAVE LIKE ALL
THE REST, WHEN I
AWAKEN ANUBIS!

THE NEXT DAY
I STARTED
DREAMING A
DREAM FOR THE
FEELING OF
COMFORT IT
GAVE ME, AND
I DECIDED
TO SELL THE
HOUSE,
FURNITURE
IN A CITY
APARTMENT,
CLOSER TO
PEOPLE AND
ACTIVITY. THEN
NIGHT DROD

DANGEROUS
DELUSIONS,
BUT IT WOULD
DO THE TRICK

FOR TODAY AS I INTERVIEWED A PROSPECTIVE BUYER FOR THE HOUSE...

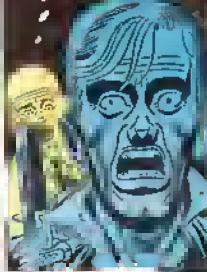
IT SEEMS TO BE A WELL-BUILT HOUSE, AND... WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THE GHOST/MY WIFE—SHE MUST HAVE BROKEN IN THERE! I TOLD HER NOT TO! NO! I TOLD HER!

A GUN? WHY? HE'S GONE CRAZY!

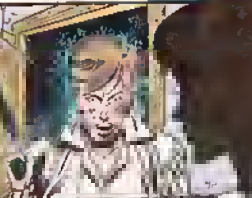
THE STOP HERE! AND FOR ALL!

HELP! POLICE! MURDER! POLICE!

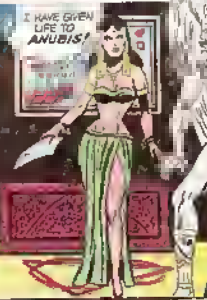
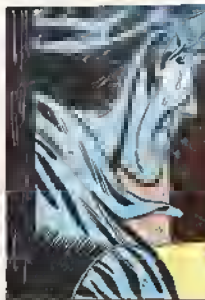


AND WHEN I REACHED THE ATTIC, MY HEART LEAPED INTO MY THROAT IN PURE HORROR AT THE SIGHT THAT MET MY EYES...

NO, MYRA! NO! YOU CAN'T!



BUT I HAVE JOURNAL!



DROP THAT FOOL WORK
OF THE DEVIL, AND
SEND THIS THING BACK
TO WHERE IT BELONGS

TOO LATE, JOHN, TOO LATE! WE
WAS NOW BECAUSE OF ME!
THE MANUSCRIPT WAS DONE
ITS WORK, WE LIVES TO DE-
STROY THOSE WHO WOULD
OPPOSE HIM!!



AND YOU, JOHN
SHALL BE THE FIRST!
REMOVE HIM, ON LORD
OF THE WORLD!

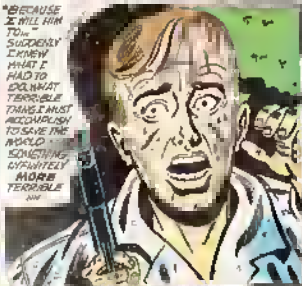
NO STAY AWAY FROM
HELLBORN MON



IDIOT! YOU CANNOT KILL A GOD WHO IS
ALREADY DEAD FOR CENTURIES! HE LIVES
NOW BECAUSE I WILL HIM TO HE LIVES TO
BECOME KING OF THE UNIVERSE!



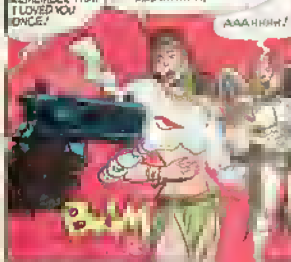
"BECAUSE
I WILL HIM
TO...
SUDDENLY
I KNEW
WHAT I
HAD TO
DO... WHAT
TERRIBLE
THING I MUST
ACCOMPLISH
TO SAVE THE
WORLD
SOMETHING
GIFINITELY
MORE
TERRIBLE
NIN



GOODBYE, MYRA,
REMEMBER THAT
I LOVED YOU
ONCE!

DON'T, JOHN! PLEASE DON'T!
AAAAHHHH!

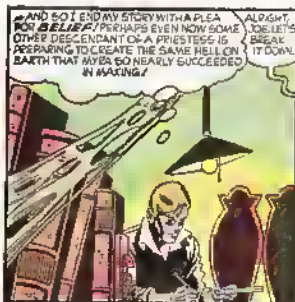
AAAAHHHH!



AND I WAS RIGHT WITH MYRA'S DEATH THAT
I HAD TO DO THIS TO SAVE THE WORLD

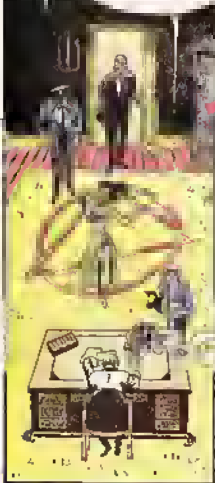
YES MY DARLING I
LOVED YOU BUT I
LOVE THE WORLD MORE





TO DATE, HE KILLED HER ALIVE AND HIMSELF TOO.

HE LEFT A LETTER TO LISTEN TO THIS. YOU WHO READ THIS MUST BELIEVE WHAT I WRITE. TAKE HEED NOT ONLY YOUR LIVES, BUT YOUR VERY SOULS ARE IN DANGER.



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THAT MYRA SO NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN MAKING. THIS GUY MUST HAVE BEEN OFF HIS ROCKER!

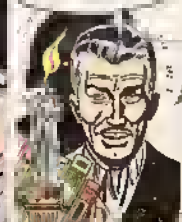
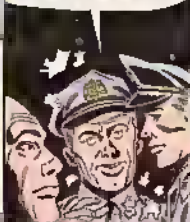
BUT LOOK! THE SYMBOL IS THERE JUST AS HE DESCRIBED IT!

AND THE MYRA CASE AND EVEN THE HOW. HOW ARE WE GONNA REPORT THIS!



JOE, WHETHER THIS IS TRUE OR NOT, IF WE LET THE NEWSPAPERS GET A HOLD OF IT, EVERY CRACKPOT IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE TRYING TO RAISE THIS WERE ANUBIS FROM THE DEAD. WE'RE JUST GONNA TURN IN A ROUTINE REPORT. GUY KILLED HIS WIFE, COMMITTED SUICIDE. BOTH DEAD ON ARRIVAL!

WELL, WAS THE OFFICER RIGHT? SHOULD IT BE BETTER FOR THE WORLD TO KNOW, OR NOT TO KNOW, THAT SOMEWHERE THERE MAY BE SOMEONE TRYING TO LOOSE THE GOD OF EVIL, ANUBIS, ON HELPLESS HUMANITY? WHICH WAY DO YOU PREFER IT?!

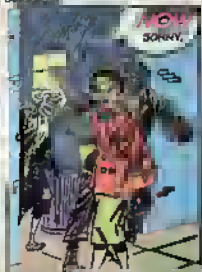


MY STORY TONIGHT IS ONE OF
TERROR, OF A HORRIBLE
THING THAT DRAGGED ITSELF
FROM ITS GRAVE BACK TO THE
LAND OF THE LIVING--AND OF
A BRAVE MAN WHO RISKED
HIS LIFE AND HIS SANITY TO
SAVE THE WOMAN HE LOVED
BY BECOMING A *m*

HUMAN CROSS



IT BEGAN ON A DARK CITY STREET
ONE NIGHT, AS YOUNG MRS. BETTY
DAVE RETURNED FROM AN EVENING
OF SEWING WITH SOME FRIENDS
SUDDENLY--



I'LL GET HER MONEY
MY BOY, THEN WE'LL
EAT WELL FOR A DAY
OR TWO. I'LL TAKE
THE MONEY AN
WE'LL SCOOT
FOR HOME!

WHE'S
MAY LITTLE
TAKE NICE
HOME, TEE



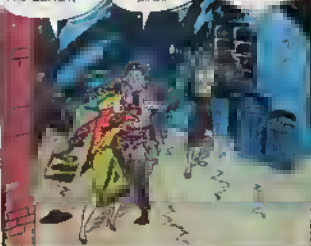
BUT BETTY WAS A FLUCKY GIRL. SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS ABOUT TO BE MURDERED AND SHE WASN'T ONE TO DIE WITHOUT A FIGHT, SO--



THERE! YOU NUGGER! YOU BEAST!

MA! MA, HELP! I'm in

SONNY! SONNY!



AND A MOMENT LATER--

YOU'VE KILLED HIM--KILLED MY SONNY! BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! A CURSE ON YA! AYE, AN' I KNOW HOW TO PUT A CURSE ON A PERSON TOO!

BUT--BUT IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! HE ATTACKED ME!



A CURSE ON YOU! I'LL COME FOR YOU, WAIT AND SEE-- AN' SO WILL SONNY! SO WILL SONNY!

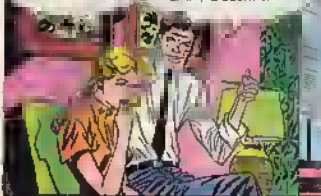
OH, NO! NO!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS BETTY TALKED TO HER HUSBAND, BOB--

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'M STILL--JUST SICK WITH FEAR! THAT OLD WOMAN--SHE WAS SO HORRIBLE--!

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT HER DARNING, BUT YOU DO NEED A CHANGE, A REST--AND THE BEST PLACE FOR THAT IS ANOTHER JONES OWN UP IN THE COUNTRY--



--SO LET'S PACK UP AND GO THERE! SHE'LL OPEN UP FOR US, EVEN THOUGH IT'S PAST THE VACATION SEASON. WE CAN HAVE PERFECT PEACE AND QUIET THERE FOR A FEW DAYS!



AND SO, NEXT DAY IN THE COUNTRY--



AW, IT'S NICE TO HAVE COMPANY IN THE OFF-SEASON LIKE THIS-- BUT GOODNESS, DEARIE, YOU DO LOOK PEAKED! ARE YOU ILL OR--?

SHE-- SHE JUST NEEDS REST, MOTHER JONES. I THINK SHE'D BETTER GO RIGHT UP AND LIE DOWN!

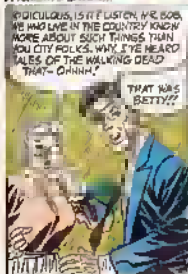
YEE, I DO FEEL QUITE TIRED,



MR BOB-- WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS, AND ANY FOOL CAN SEE THE G-RL IS MORE THAN JUST TIRED! WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME?

OH, IT'S SURELY BOB, MOTHER JONES. BUT ALRIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU. YOU SEE--

MOMENTS LATER--



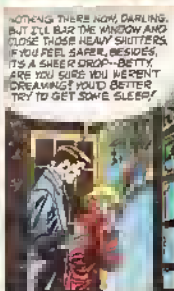
RICULOUS, IS IT? LISTEN, MR. BOB, WE WHO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY KNOW MORE ABOUT SUCH THINGS THAN YOU CITY FOLKS. WHY, I'VE HEARD TALES OF THE WALKING DEAD THAT-- OHNNH!

THAT WAS BETTY??



BETTY! BETTY, WHAT IS IT?

THEY WERE THERE, I OPENED THE WINDOW, AND THEY WERE THERE, STANDING ON THE LAWN-- THE OLD LADY AND HER SON!



NOTHING THERE NOW, DARLING, BUT I'LL BAR THE WINDOW AND CLOSE THOSE HEAVY SHUTTERS, IF YOU FEEL SAFER, BESIDES, IT'S A SHEER DROP-- BETTY, ARE YOU SURE YOU WEREN'T DREAMING? YOU'D BETTER TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP!

AN HOUR LATER--



SHE'S ASLEEP NOW, MR. BOB, BUT SHE'S A VERY, VERY SICK GIRL! ANY MORE FRIGTS MIGHT--

THANKS, MOTHER JONES, BUT I GUESS SHE'LL BE ALRIGHT, AFTER ALL, THOSE CREATURES THAT SCARE HER ARE JUST IMAGINARY--



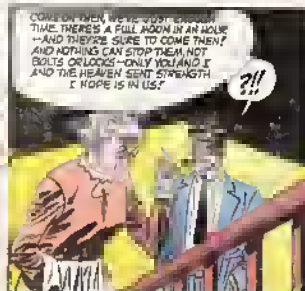
NEITHER, NOT, MR. BOB, BECAUSE I LOOKED OUT THAT WINDOW THERE JUST AFTER BETTY SCREAMED, AND I SAW THOSE BLACK CREATURES MYSELF!

WHAT? OH NO, MOTHER JONES, YOU CAN'T REALLY MEAN--?



LISTEN TO ME, BOB DANE! YOU CAN CALL ME A CRAZY OLD WOMAN IF YOU LIKE--BUT YOU AND I ARE ALL THAT'S BETWEEN THAT GIRL AND DEATH! WHY EVEN THE SIGHT OF THOSE MONSTERS MIGHT KILL HER! NOW, ARE YOU WILLING TO DO SOMETHING, EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN IT, TO SAVE YOUR WIFE?

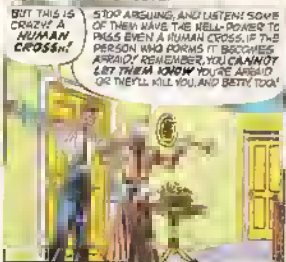
WELL, OF COURSE I AM, BUT--



COME ON THEN, WE'VE JUST ENOUGH TIME. THERE'S A FULL MOON IN AN HOUR--AND THEY'RE SURE TO COME THEN! AND NOTHING CAN STOP THEM, NOT BOLTS OR LOCKS--ONLY YOU AND I AND THE HEAVEN SENT STRENGTH I HOPE IS IN US!

??!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO BETTY'S ROOM--



BUT THIS IS CRAZY! A HUMAN CROSS!

STOP ARGUING, AND LISTEN! SOME OF THEM HAVE THE WELL-POWER TO PASS EVEN A HUMAN CROSS, IF THE PERSON WHO FORMS IT BECOMES AFRAID! REMEMBER, YOU CANNOT LET THEM KNOW YOU'RE AFRAID OR THEY'LL KILL YOU, AND BETTY TOO!



SET IT ABOUT YOURS! WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, IF--

I'LL BE HELPING YOU SON--AND YOU'RE GOING TO NEED HELP! YOU'LL NEED EVERY BIT OF COURAGE AND WILL POWER YOU OWN IN A FEW MINUTES! KEEP THINKING OF YOUR WIFE!

THE MINUTES TICKED SLOWLY BY BOB DANE FEEL ALTERNATELY AFRAID AND FORTAL TELL RANGLI K--



THAT THUMPING SOUND! SOMEONE'S CLIMBING THE STAIRS--SLOWLY--ALONG! TO THE TOP--!

THUMP
THUMP



OH, NO! THEY DO EXIST!

HEH-HEH! I SEE YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTING US! WELL, IT'S A CLEVER TRICK--BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! KILL HIM, SONNY--TOUCH HIM, AND HE DIES!

BUT--HE
IS NOT--
AFRAID!

MY GOD! WHAT
A CREATURE!
IF THEY ONLY
KNEW HOW
SCARED
REALLY AM!

BUT HE'S AFRAID, SONNY!
HE IS, AND NO HUMAN CROSS
IS STRONG ENOUGH TO
STOP YOU! NOT WHEN I'M
WITH YOU! WE'LL DO WHAT
WE CAME FOR, SONNY--



PLEASE, PLEASE, ALL
YOU POWERS OF DECEIT
IN THE WORLD--
--MAKE ME STRONG
ENOUGH TO STARE
HIM DOWN AND SAVE
BETTY?

FORGET
HIM,
SONNY!
LET'S
GET
THE
GIRL!

BUT PERHAPS
THE HUMAN
CROSS IS
NOT THE
ONLY THING
HERE TO
STOP YOU!



THIS, FOR
INSTANCE!

THE BOOK!
SHE HAS
--THE
--BOOK!

IT'S NOT ENOUGH, OLD
WOMAN! THE BIBLE
IS POWERFUL-- BUT
NOT ENOUGH! COME,
SONNY, DO AS YOUR
MA TELLS YOU--



KILL HER, SONNY! KILL
HER BEFORE THE EYES
OF THIS OTHER-- THAT
WILL MAKE HIM AFRAID
AND THEN WE'LL HAVE
THEM! ALL OF THEM!

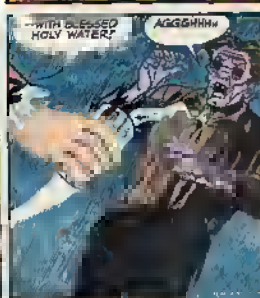
LOOK,
MOTHER
JONES?
RUN--!

NO USE RUNNING,
MR. BOB! IT'S
BETTER TO MAKE
THEM RUN
INSTEAD!



--WITH BLESSED
HOLY WATER?

AGGGHHH!!





THE END

PRICE SMASH

20 DRESSES

ASSORTED in Silk, Wool, Cotton & Rayon
ALL SIZES in Good Condition
BUT NO LESS THAN 20 DRESSES
AT THIS BARGAIN PRICE

for
\$3.50

Ladies' BLOUSES

39c each
5 for \$1.69

Assorted colors and
styles in Silk -
Cotton - Rayon -
Acetate



Ladies' Winter
COATS

\$1.89 each
2 for \$3.59

Big sizes still in
without too bulky.
There are 10 beautiful
and new - all
regain shape



Ladies' SHOES

99c pair
3 for \$2.69

Good quality
Leathers and
Synthetic with
GIVE MANY
MONTHS OF
GOOD WEAR



QUILT PIECES

3 lbs - 99c

Large yards of
beautiful new
two grain, cloth,
plaid and solid
All good new
things



Ladies'
SKIRTS

69c each
3 for \$1.79

12th assortment of
skirt and styles, All
Wool, 100% and
Nylon



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COFFIN C O R N E R



Dear Teller:

I like all your stories, but how about more animal stuff? I read your tale awhile ago about the revolt of the animals, and then one called Tiger in The Night, and they were swell. How about some stories with the more frightening animals in them, like snakes or crocodiles and that kind?

B. D. O.
Toronto, Canada

There's an animal story in this issue, B. D. O., and I hope you like it. As for the snakes and crocodiles, there are not as many tales as one would imagine about them. But I know a few, and you'll be seeing them soon.

Dear Teller of Tales:

Up to now I've been a fan of yours. Werewolves and vampires I can take, because there's certain evidence that they may exist. But a Tiger Boy—after all! You must know from your mail that your readers are not all kids.

Jack Reere
Forest Hills, N. Y.

One thing I certainly know from the mail is that there exists a wide variety of tastes in subject matter for stories, as the letter preceding this proves. Jack. Sorry you didn't like that story, but remember that any magazine must try to please as many readers as possible.

Dear Teller of Tales:

The last issue of *Horrid* I read was the May one. I liked the stories alright, but I have two complaints. There was no Coffin Corner, and to tell the truth I'm just as interested in what people have to write in about the stories as in the

stories themselves. And it seems to me your Teller Talks feature used to be two pages long and now it's only one. How come?

Carl Herrald
West Virginia

There have been several similar complaints, Carl, so I'll explain. Sometimes the content of the stories themselves calls for longer or shorter page lengths, making it necessary to juggle other lectures around or leave them out entirely. You'll find the Coffin Corner in most issues, however. And under our new arrangement, many issues will carry two separate one-page Teller Talks; two for the price of one, so to speak, and I hope you'll continue to enjoy them.

Dear Teller of Tales:

When I read your comic book I quite enjoyed feeling as being with you in some dark, secluded room, listening to your fascinating and exciting tales.

One question arises in my mind. Do you look as you appear in your book?

"Babe"
Bellmore, N. Y.

Thanks for the wonderful compliment, "Babe". And as for my looks—well, some of my friends insist that the pictures of me in the magazine are too flattering. But others—my "undercover" friends, I might call them—claim the pictures make me look much too human! However, either my looks or I myself don't last much. It's the story that's important, and I intend to try to keep it that way. Thank you, "Babe", and all you other letter writers, for your encouraging interest.

"Horrid"-ally yours,
THE TELLER OF TALES



Write to:
TELLER-OF-TALES
Horrid-Harwell Publications, Inc.
500 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.



THE WOLF TWINS

NO, DEAR READER, THEY ARE NOT WEREWOLVES, AS I AM. THERE ARE THINGS EVEN MORE MYSTIFYING, PERHAPS EVEN MORE **TERRIFYING**—FOR THEY ARE TWO HUMAN SOULS, DOOMED TO ROAM THE DEEP WOODS FOR ALL ETERNITY IN ANIMAL BODIES, UNLESS... BUT THAT'S GIVING THE STORY AWAY! LET'S START WITH JOE CARTER, A YOUNG MAN WHO LOVED HUNTING...



THE DAY JOE CHOSE A CAMPSITE IN ONE OF THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN FORESTS, JOE'S MOKAW CLIMBING PARTNER, TOMMY, SAID:

I SAY NO, MR. CARTER! IT IS BAD PLACE, THE PLACE OF THE WOLF TWINS!

BALONEY, TOMMY! SUPERSTITION! I'VE HEARD THIS TALE OF THE WOLF TWINS. WHAT IS SO AWFUL ABOUT TWO WOLVES?

THEY NOT WOLVES, THEY **MEN!** IT IS SAID THAT MANY YEARS AGO THERE LIVED TWO BRAVES, WHO WERE FOOLS. ONE DAY THEY STEAL THE TRIBE'S SACRED TOTEM, GREAT NUGGET CALLED STAR OF GOLD. THEY RUN BUT WADLE TRIBE PURSUE THEM INTO FOREST AND CATCH THEM...

MAKES A NICE STORY, ALL RIGHT!



Reader's Digest Reports Good News for all sufferers from PIMPLES

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AMAZING DOUBLE-ACTION SKIN TREATMENT THAT CONCEALS AS IT MEDICATES

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17% were IMPROVED!

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THEY'VE STUFFED GOLD AND TRIBE
NEVER FIND IT, BUT TRIBE KILL TWINS
SCATTER BONES IN FOREST GLADE.
MEDICINE MAN, HE SAY SOULS OF TWO
BRAVES LIVE FOREVER INSIDE BEASTS
OF FOREST, UNTIL ONE DAY MAN OF
ANOTHER RACE COME
AND GIVE BONES
DEFENT BURIAL!
ONLY THEN WILL
SOULS BE FREE
TO GO TO HAPPY
HUNTING GROUND!
BUT IT IS ALSO
SAID!!!

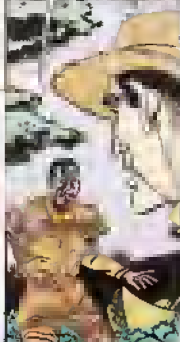
WHO? THAT'S
FASCINATING,
TOM, BUT NOW
HELP ME GET
SOME FIREWOOD!
WILL YOU, AND...



THEN SHEEP...

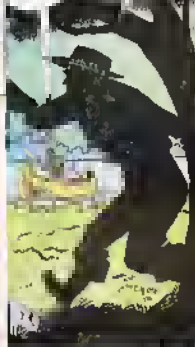
SEE? SEE
THEY COME!
THEY COME!!

TOM! YOU'RE SOME
CRAZY! COME
BACK HERE!!



NO NO! I
NOT STAY
HERE!
THEY
COME!

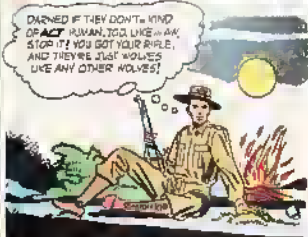
TOM, YOU SCREAM! ALL
COME BACK, DON'T
LEAVE ME TO WALK
HOME!



WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!
THERE ARE TWO WOLVES!
OF ALL THE

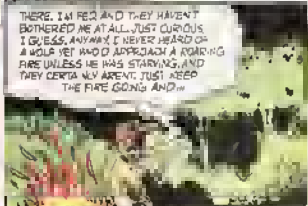


DARNED IF THEY DON'T ^{THE} KIND
OF ACT HUMAN, TOO, LIKE ^{IN} ANY.
STOP IT! YOU GOT YOUR RIFLE,
AND THEY'RE JUST WOLVES!
LIKE ANY OTHER WOLVES!



NO SO ANY MORE...

THERE, I'M FED AND THEY HAVEN'T
BOOTHERED ME AT ALL, JUST CURIOUS.
I GUESS, ANYWAY, I NEVER HEARD OF
A WOLF YET WHO'D APPROACH A ROARING
FIRE UNLESS HE WAS STARVING, AND
THEY CERTAINLY AREN'T, JUST KEEP
THE FIRE GOING AND...



BUT IT HAD BEEN A LONG DAY, SOON
JOE CARTER BEGAN TO DOZE.



SURE, JUST KEEP--
ARE GOING--NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT.

HE WAS AWAKENED AS SOMETHING ABRUPTLY
KNOCKED HIS RIFLE FROM HIS HANDS.



HEY!
WHAT--?
OH, NO!



IS I MUST BE
DREAMING! I'M
SEEING THINGS!

BUT IT WAS NO DREAM! FOR A LONG MOMENT THE BEASTS
POUNCE OVER JOE CARTER! THEN THEY DROPPED BACK
TO ALL FOURS, AND--

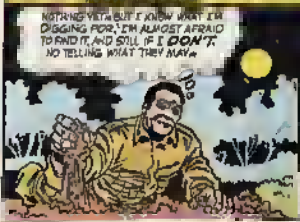


HE'S DIGGING! AND I'M
AFRAID. I KNOW WHAT I CAN'T
BE. BUT SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT
THEY WANT ME TO DIG!



ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT,
FRIENDS! I'LL DIG!
WHATEVER YOU WANT!

AND SO JOE CARTER, ALONE IN THE FOREST WITH TWO
HUNDRED MOLES, BEGAN TO DIG WITH HIS BARE HANDS.
HE DID NOT STOP.



NOTHING YET, BUT I KNOW WHAT I'M
DIGGING FOR. I'M ALMOST AFRAID
TO FIND IT, AND STILL IF I DON'T,
NO TELLING WHAT THEY MAY.

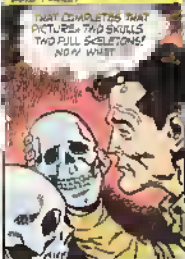
AND AT LAST!



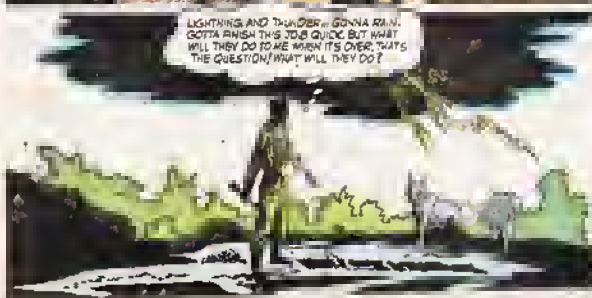
SO JOE CARTER DUG ON, UNEARTHING
FIND AFTER GRISLY FIND...

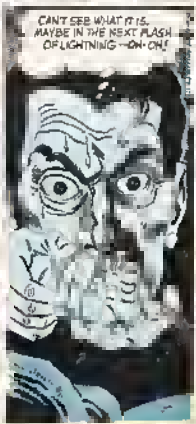
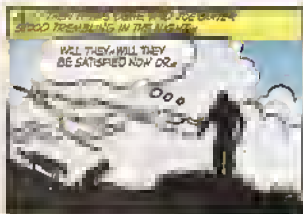


AND FINALLY--



AND AN UNEXPECTED...





INDIAN BRAVES—RISING FROM THE BODIES
OF—BUT IT.. CAN'T BE.. OOOOHHH

A comic book panel showing a man in a yellow shirt looking up with a speech bubble saying "OHNNNNNN". The background is a purple and black cloud-like shape with small white stars.

ALL THAT NONSENSE... MUST HAVE
BEEN A BAD DREAM! JUST A CRAZY
-- BUT -- BUT THERE'S THE GRAVE!
AND -- THE BODIES OF TWO WISE,
DEAD WOLVES!

IN THE GREAT NUGGET CALLED THE STAR OF GOLD!

W-W-WHAT A PITY JIDE CASTER, IF YOU HADN'T INTERRUPTED TOM WHEN HE WAS TELLING YOU THE LEGEND OF THE WOLF THING, YOU'D HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU IN TURN WOULD HAVE BECOME A WOLF FOR TIME ETERNAL!



A question much discussed these days is this: is the human mind actually strong enough not only to sustain or injure the body containing it, but to actually bring death to that body through the power of thought alone?

Many people, including some psychological researchers, believe so. They point to such things as Devil Dolls, suicides by people whose minds contain the so-called "subconscious death wish," and even injuries to vital organs which seem to have no external explanations. They believe that if a man is convinced strongly enough that he will die of, say, strangulation, that he will do so. Others scoff at modern theories, and blame such things on ghosts, spells, and other superstitious phenomena. However, it brings to mind a certain famous story, which defenders of both theories have used to prove their points.

It seems that some years ago in England, a certain very rich man met a young chorus girl, and determined to have her for his own, despite the fact that he was married and the father of grown children. And he succeeded, mainly through the device of giving the girl fabulous presents, the most astounding of which was a necklace of solid gold, giant beads, worth a fortune.

However, the man soon tired of the girl, and desired new conquests. But he feared she might inform his wife, or make trouble in some way, and so, he was later learned, he hired two assassins to murder her. They did so, and escaped. The rich man was unsuspected, through knowledge of his association with the girl, but nothing could be proved and he was never even arrested.

Soon afterwards, however, this man began to act very strangely. His wife and children heard him rant and moan in his sleep, and he would suddenly leap from his bed, an expression of horror on his face, mumbling something about being choked, but not while he was awake.

In a little while, he had taken to staying up

all night, sitting in a chair before the fire. But even so, he would occasionally drop off to sleep, and wake with a start, clenching at his throat and sobbing in terror.

A doctor was called. The man at first refused to let the doctor examine him, but then finally allowed it reluctantly, though refusing to say anything more than that something was trying to choke him. Upon looking at the man's throat, the doctor did find a ring of red discoloration, but put it down to the fellow's own constant clutching at his throat.

At last, one day in the garden, in broad daylight, it all came to a head. The man's wife, son and young daughter were present. The man, sitting on a chaise longue, suddenly pointed to the ground at his feet, staring and crying, "Hate it comes! It's after me again!" He shrank back in the chair, apparently too paralyzed by fright to move. The son immediately ran for the doctor, and the wife and young daughter tried to restrain the father.

But as they approached the chair in which he sat, the man suddenly screamed out the name of the young woman who had been murdered, clenching at his throat. "Aright, aright," he cried. "I hired them to murder you! I admit it! Now take them away! Take the beads away!" And before the two women could reach him, he threw himself on the ground in insane convulsions, obviously strangling.


The wife and the slim young girl ran to his aid, but their strength was not enough to overcome his wild thrashings. Try as they might, they could not help him, for every time they came near him they were knocked to the ground. And suddenly a terrible gurgling sound issued from his lips, and he lay still.

Then the doctor arrived a few minutes later, he pronounced the man dead. And after the two weeping women had told their story of what the dead man had said and done, the doctor silently drew the son close to his father's body, and pointed at the throat of the corpse.

There, clenching the throat, was a line of deep, angry purple marks, and a heavy string of beads had been looped around the man's neck, and then twisted and twisted until they had sunk far into the soft flesh and choked out his life!

Some people say that the ghost of the poor betrayed, murdered girl had found its revenge. And others claim that the man had become obsessed with the idea that the beads, symbol of his sin, would kill him, and that he believed it so thoroughly that his mind forced his body to achieve the death he feared!


Still others say that at any rate, he only got what he deserved. But—what do you think?



WHAT HAVE WE HERE? AH, THE
 INGREDIENTS FOR A CHILLING
 TALE. INDEED! WE HAVE A GREAT
 BALLET DANCER BREAKING IN A
 NEW, YOUNG AND VERY BEAUTIFUL
 PARTNER—WHILE IN THE BACK OF
 HIS MIND LIVES THE DANCING WIFE
 WHO DIED YEARS BEFORE, AND
 IN HIS EARS POUNDS THE
 DEAD WOMAN'S SPECIAL
 MUSIC!!

AH, THE BEAUTIFUL
 EERIE DANCE OF DEATH!
 HOW THRILLING TO SEE
 IGOR DO IT AGAIN!
 ALL THESE YEARS!

DANCE of DEATH



THIS GIRL, ELLEN, HIS NEW PARTNER,
 IS CERTAINLY LOVELY AND SO TALENTED
 THAT IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY IGOR
 BROKE HIS VOW NEVER TO HAVE A
 PARTNER AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS
 BEAUTIFUL SONIA. YOU WERE
 THERE WHEN SHE DIED, I
 UNDERSTAND?

I WAS THERE
 I'LL NEVER
 FORGET IT!

THEY
 WERE
 REMEMBR-
 ING
 THIS
 VERY
 NIGHT
 THAT
 NIGHT,
 WHEN
 SONIA
 BEGAN
 TO
 MOVE
 TOWARD
 THE
 SPOTLIGHT
 FASTER
 AND
 FASTER
 AS
 THOUGH

SLOWER, SONIA, BE
 CAREFUL, DARLING—!



UNTIL SHE FELL FROM THE FRONT OF THE STAGE TO THE PIT, AND DIED INSTANTLY!



AND UNTIL NOW IGOR HAS NEVER CHOSEN A PARTNER NOR DANCED THE DANCE OF DEATH!

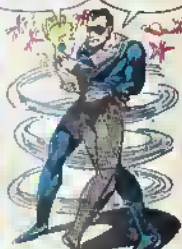
LOOK! LOOK! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

ELLEN, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?



OH--IGOR, I DON'T KNOW! I'M SO DIZZY! I COULDN'T SEEM TO STOP!

IT'S ALRIGHT, ELLEN. IT'S ALRIGHT. DON'T BE FRIGHTENED.



I'M SO SORRY, IGOR! I DID WANT TO DO THE DANCE WELL, AND BE GOOD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR NEW PARTNER!

DON'T WORRY, ELLEN! YOU WILL BE. BUT YOU'D BETTER TRY TO REST NOW, SLEEP FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

COME, WE'D BETTER LEAVE THEM. THEY'LL BE UPSET, IN NO MOOD FOR VISITORS!



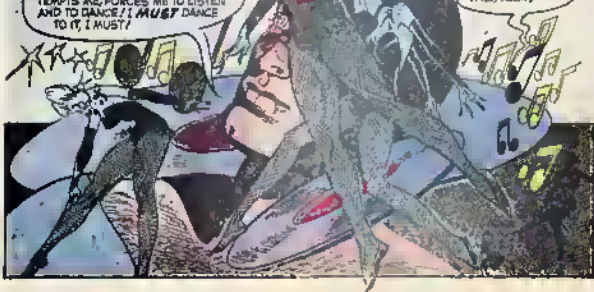
A FEW MINUTES LATER IGOR STOOD ALONE, LISTENING TO THE THUNDEROUS MUSIC...

WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS DANCE OF DEATH? WHY DID IT AFFECT ELLEN IN THE WAY IT DID SONIA? PERHAPS I SHOULD FORGET IT, DESTROY THE ONE AND ONLY COPY OF IT AND THIS ONE REMAINING RECORD, BEFORE SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENS!



BUT HOW CAN I? IT FASCINATES ME, TEMPTS ME, FORCES ME TO LISTEN AND TO DANCE! I MUST DANCE TO IT, I MUST!

THEN DANCE WITH ME, IGOR!



SONIA! BUT YOU CAN'T BE... YOU'RE DEAD... YEARS NOW!!!

YES, IGOR, I AM DEAD BUT I HEARD MY MUSIC AND I CAME BACK! WHAT OF YOUR PROMISE, IGOR!!!

YOU PROMISED NEVER TO DANCE WITH OR TO LOVE ANOTHER, AND YOU SAID THE DANCE OF DEATH WAS MINE ALONE! YOU WROTE IT ONLY FOR ME, IGOR! BECAUSE YOU LOVED ME! WHY DO YOU SHRINK FROM ME, IGOR? DO YOU NO LONGER LOVE YOUR SONIA?

OF COURSE I... I MEAN, I DID LOVE YOU, MORE THAN ANY WOMAN, BUT NOW! NOW YOU'RE DEAD, SONIA!

YES, BUT I CAN STILL DANCE, IGOR! COME!

NO SONIA! I DON'T WANT TO!!!

YOU MUST, IGOR! YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF! THE MUSIC FORCES YOU TO DANCE... I FORCE YOU! DANCE, IGOR!!!

DANCE LIKE YOU NEVER DANCED BEFORE...

SONIA! SONIA! THIS PACE... I CAN'T KEEP IT UP!!!

AND SO THE MINUTES PASSES AND THE TERRIBLE, DEADLY MUSIC WENT ON! BUT AT LAST ELLY, IN THE NEXT ROOM, WAS AWAKENED BY THE MUSIC AND...

(I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT CAN'T BE TRUE... AND YET IT IS! BUT I KNOW ONE THING! I LOVE IGOR AND I MUST HELP HIM!!!)



--FOR NO MAN CAN DANCE
LIKE THAT AND GO ON
LIVING!

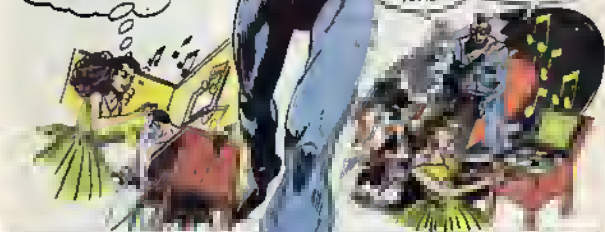
PLEASE, SONIA!
YOU'RE KILLING
ME!

OF COURSE,
DARLING, THEN
WE SHALL DANCE
TOGETHER FOR
ALL ETERNITY!

THE RECORD! HE TOLD ME
IT WAS THE ONLY ONE! IF I
SMASH IT THEY'LL HAVE
TO STOP!

WHAT-? OH SO
THIS IS THE NEW
PARTNER, IS IT?
LET THAT RECORD
ALONE!

ELLEN! DON'T GET
AILED UP ON THIS!
SHE'LL DO SOMETHING
TERRIBLE TO YOU!

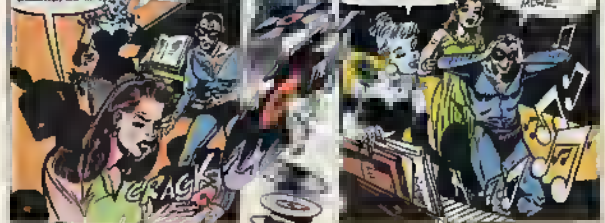


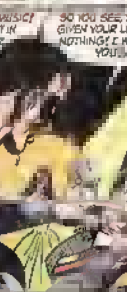
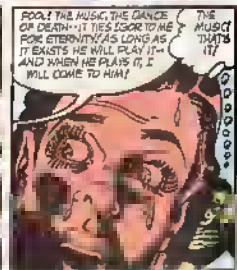
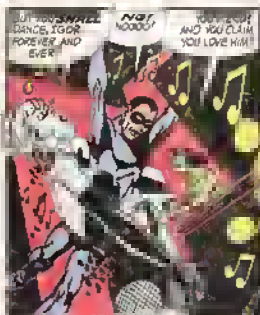
THERE! IT'S GONE!
NOW GO BACK TO THE
GRAVE WHERE YOU
BELONG, SONIA!

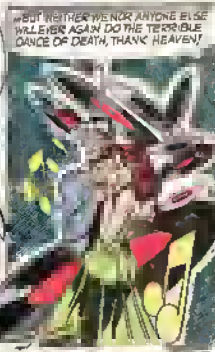
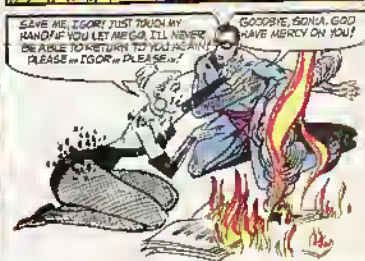
HA, WHAT POOR LITTLE
FOOL! I DON'T YOU
KNOW LITTLE IDOT!

THAT THERE IS A **PIANO**
SCORE TO THE DANCE OF
DEATH! HERE IT IS--AND
HERE I AM TO PLAY IT!

DON'T, SONIA! DON'T!
THE MUSIC IS DRIVING
ME MAD! I CAN'T
DANCE ANYMORE!







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You must be 100%
satisfied with merchandise
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14

Dec. 1954

COVERLESS HECK

DEAD ON ARRIVAL

HUMAN CROSS

THE WOLF TWINS

DANCE OF DEATH

MARTY ECKIN*

7

DON HECK

6

ANDERSON? & HILGEL?

6

RUDY PALAIS

6